

Mother and Son on the Phone

-You made all my little thingies smaller. I can't see 'em. Hadda squint before you did that and why did you?

-Temporary thing. Poured a lot of stuff on there for a few minutes.

-Well it's just awful! Why does everybody fool around when you're beginning to understand a thing? I took a nap and you ruined my computer!

-Hey! At any rate you're doing really well compared to those old farts surrounding you on that doorstep to the graveyard. Now listen. It's easy getting your big icons back.

- I-what?

-Icons. Thingies. Now listen!

an hour later

-Listen! Please! I absolutely give up and should've known better! Got Jerry of Jerry's Computers on the cell. He'll come this afternoon--got other calls there.

Is that all right? Does it fit your burgeoning social calendar?

-Huh! Nobody ever comes and I never go anywhere. I'm dying of loneliness!

-Uh huh? Three times out to dinner last week!

-Who told you that? This whole place is liars! And now you made me so nervous with all your menu crap! Click this and that!--I'm shaking!

-Give Jerry a nice piece of cake and maybe he won't soak me.

-That second wife of yours was a peach!

-Uh huh. Well she flavored a few other bowls of cereal while we were married.

-You wouldn't throw a good word to a dog.

-That's not true. I'm always doing that, in hopes she'll metamorphose into a Princess.

- Nobody's ever good enough for you!
- Let's have this conversation after your icons are restored.
- Just another excuse!
- I got a million of 'em!
- I don't have much longer you know!
- No, Jerry just has a couple of even simpler calls on the addled premises.